

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1904.

TELEPHONE CALLS.

Either Company—A. M. to midnight through the week and from 8 p. m. to midnight on Sundays, ask for the Journal, then ask the Journal operator for the department or individual wanted. AFTER MIDNIGHT THROUGH THE WEEK AND BEFORE 6 P. M. ON SUNDAYS: Old Telephone—Editorial, 278 and 279; circulation, 280; counting room, 281; news, 282; advertising, 283; new telephone—Editorial, 88, 89, 90, 91; counting room or circulation department, 92.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER—INDIANAPOLIS AND SUBURBS. Daily and Sunday, 10¢ a month, 12¢ a week. Daily, without Sunday, 8¢ a month, 10¢ a week. Sunday, without daily, 5¢ a month, 7¢ a week. Single copies: Daily, 4¢; Sunday, 5¢. BY AGENTS EVERYWHERE. Daily, per week, 10¢. Daily, Sunday included, per week, 15¢. Daily, per week, 10¢. By mail prepaid. Daily edition, one year, \$1.00. Daily and Sunday, one year, \$1.20. Sunday only, one year, \$1.00. No subscription taken for less than three months.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-page or a twelve-page paper a 1-cent stamp; on a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four page paper, a 2-cent stamp. Foreign postage is usually double these rates.

All communications intended for publication in this paper must, in order to receive attention, be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed for that purpose.

Entered as second-class matter at Indianapolis, Ind., postoffice.

Can be found at the following places: CHICAGO—Palmer House, Auditorium Annex Hotel, Dearborn Station News Stand. CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., Arcade, Grand Hotel. COLUMBUS, O.—Viscount News Stand, 330 High street.

DATON, O.—J. W. Wilkie, 25 South Jefferson street.

DENVER, Col.—Latham & Jackson, Fifteenth and Lawrence streets, and A. Smith, 1521 Champa street.

DES MOINES, Ia.—Moore Jacobs, 509 Fifth street.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Harry Drapkin.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Deering, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and Bluefield Bros., 414 West Market street.

NEW YORK—Astor House.

ST. LOUIS—Union News Company, Union Depot.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—F. C. Carls, Station D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Riegel House, Exhibit House, Fairfax Hotel, Willard Hotel.

The Baltimore fire should inspire confidence in bank and safety deposit vaults. In every instance the contents of such vaults in Baltimore have been found unharmed.

The London Times says that leprosy is the result of eating spoiled fish. In that case leprosy is, indeed, what the Moslems writers considered it—not an unavoidable misfortune, but a punishment for uncleanness.

Ill news travels fast to the point where it will hurt worst. The first news of Japanese victory was received from St. Petersburg; and, as many will remember, the first news of Dewey's victory at Manila came from Madrid.

Another rumor has come whispering along the wires to the effect that China is getting up an immense force to aid Japan. Well, Japan is learning how to take care of herself, and probably this will not bother her to any great extent.

It is reported that Japan has a wireless telegraph service installed and in working order for communication with and between battleships. If that is true, this will be the first severe test of its usefulness in wartime the invention has had. It will be of the deepest interest to scientists.

The annual report of the State banking department in New York shows that on Jan. 1, 1904, the aggregate deposits in savings banks were \$1,131,231,943 and the number of open accounts 2,365,533. This is a splendid proof of the essential prosperity of the plain people and shows the money is not all in Wall street.

The Omaha Bee says: "It is not safe for Japan to count on a repetition of the action of the powers which cheated Russia out of the victory it scored over the Turks in its last war." On the other hand, it is safe for Russia to count on a repetition of the action of the powers which cheated Japan out of the victory she scored over China in her last war.

E. S. Blydenburgh, Iowa's "modern Bluebeard," is now safe in the State Penitentiary. When the sheriff took him to prison he handcuffed him with a horseshoe, and it is reported that the brutal wife-murderer "felt much humiliated" at the circumstance. The tender feeling of some of these criminals is wonderful, and their social lines should be respected. The murderer is the aristocrat of felons; he holds himself a cut or two above the horseshoe, and close association with such common trash is a bitter wound to his self-esteem.

Whatever objections peace advocates may have to war they cannot deny that it is educational. Since the Spanish-American war the people of the United States have learned more about the geography and the peoples of certain parts of the world than they would have learned in half a century of peace. They have recently been acquiring a great amount of interesting information about the South Americans, and now Japan and Russia demand attention. Those two countries will have few mysteries about them by the time the present conflict is over.

There has been a great Wagner revival—at least a great revival of Wagner talk—in this country since the controversy attending the first production of "Parsifal" in New York. Few remembered, however, that yesterday was the anniversary of Wagner's death. It has been twenty-one years since the master of Bayreuth was laid in his coffin, with one of the rarest pillows for his tired head that ever man had. For Frau Wagner, remembering how he had loved and admired her beautiful hair, had ruthlessly shorn the flowing tresses and given them to him for a cushion. "The rippling, waving wealth—that was thy pride—now love's last gift—only a woman's hair!"

The first few days of the war in the far East have furnished another illustration of the superior reliability of the Associated Press to all other news organizations. It was the same in the Spanish-American war and in every great news-making crisis. The Associated Press does not manufacture news nor deal in fakes. It does not depend on irresponsible reporters or supposititious

authorities. It derives its information from reliable sources and it sends the news, the whole news and nothing but the news. No other news organization in the world can compare with it in the extent of the field it covers or in the number, intelligence, reliability and industry of its agents and correspondents. The Journal will continue to publish, as it always has done, more and fuller Associated Press dispatches than any other paper in the city.

REAL POETS AND OTHERS.

The rare success and deserved popularity of James Whitcomb Riley have raised up a host of imitators who, as is generally the case with the imitators, fall utterly short of catching the soul and inspiration of the original. It is the same with hack artists who copy the works of the masters. They can reproduce everything except that which makes the original great. There have been thousands of imitators of Burns; that is, they thought they were writing like him because they put commonplace ideas into Scotch dialect, which itself was plainly machine made.

But there was only one Burns and there is only one Riley. Each founded a literary cult peculiarly his own, and the pupils and imitators struggle along at great distances behind. Some of them are not bad, for imitators, as some copies of great paintings have enough resemblance to the originals to indicate what the copyists were aiming at, but the most are unappealing. There is no excuse for their being.

One of the worst results of the imitative epidemic is that it has generated an idea in the common mind that anybody can write poetry if he wants to, and, unfortunately, a great many people want to. This has resulted in developing a class of rural rhymerists and countryside poets who, partly through ignorance and partly through egotism, are easily flattered into the conviction that they are geniuses and that the dreadful stuff they turn out is literature. James B. Elmore, of Alamo, is one of this class. Mr. Elmore is a good enough sort of man in his way, a plain, honest farmer, without a particle of native genius or attainments in any direction, but through his own persistence and the false flattery of friends he has been led to believe that he is a literary person. This is a free country, and every man has a right to write alleged poetry if he wishes to, but it is a question if it is not dishonest and cruel both to the individual and the public for persons to encourage a man's notion that he possesses poetic genius when they know he does not possess a particle.

For many years an old man named Purdue used to visit the public buildings and offices in this city and introduce himself as a candidate for Governor. He was a harmless person and in his best days had probably had good sense, but on this particular subject he was daft. Perhaps if he had been told at the beginning that he was making a fool of himself and ought not to harbor such a ridiculous idea as being a candidate for Governor he might have got rid of it. But, just to amuse themselves, many persons pretended to favor his candidacy and encouraged him until it became the dominating idea, the very passion of his life. It unhinged a mind not naturally very strong, and a few months ago he died in the insane asylum. Were not those who flattered and encouraged him in the idea that he was a candidate for Governor, "just for fun," partly responsible for the end?

Self-constituted poets like Elmore do not do any harm beyond wasting their own time in writing and printing stuff that ought not to be written or printed, but does not do a certain moral responsibility attach to the practice of treating them seriously and making them think they have a call to literature, thus encouraging a false idea that perhaps is already undermining their sanity? And is it quite fair to ask an honest, well-meaning but self-deceived man to appear on a public platform just to be laughed at? Especially is it fair or even excusable for a church organization—a society of women at that—to keep up the tiresome and stupid farce by inviting him to speak that the public may have an opportunity to ridicule him, as was done last evening in this city? College students, in whom much crudeness, thoughtlessness and cruelty are often excused, may be forgiven such a proceeding, but it argues a strange shortsightedness and uncharitableness, to say the least, on the part of so widely different a body. What shall be said, too, of a mayor of the city who lends countenance to the performance? Or of the newspapers which encourage it? Even if there were nothing worse to be urged against it than this: that it is a worn-out, tiresome jest of which the intelligent public long since had enough. For the sake of this public, if for no other reason, Elmore should hereafter be left in retirement.

A QUEER DISCRIMINATION.

Legislation in Germany is sometimes of the broadest variety; it sweeps in a wide circle and strikes a slashing blow—and it does the business. This country could hardly be capable of passing such a law as the German Supreme Court has recently enacted; and yet there is some justification for it. After all, a decision given by a "Reichsgericht" is a Leipzig decision that forbids all American dentists practicing in Germany to describe themselves under the title of "Doctor," unless they can produce a diploma from the dental college of the University of Michigan.

At first glance this seems strangely unjust—arbitrarily so. There are thousands of American dentists whose diplomas entitle them to be called doctors even though they were not conferred by the University of Michigan. There are dozens of colleges in the United States where graduates are as skillful, whose degrees are as legitimate and as worthy of respect. Why this discrimination? The answer is not far to seek. Germany, as well as other foreign countries, has been infested with the products of American "diploma mills." There are in this country scores of institutions which regard degrees "simply as business merchandise," and sell them with few requirements to anyone who can pay for them. These degrees are not confined to dentistry, but to other branches of medicine; and even baccalaureate degrees are bought and sold in the same way. In America the reputable colleges are pretty well known, and people are shy of diplomas from unheard-of "universities." So the owners of these alleged honors go to foreign countries and ply their trade with security and profit.

Germany has had much trouble with this sort of thing, and is at the end of her patience. The court which rendered the decision in question had a simple problem before it: To find trustworthy evidence as to the fitness of Americans who wished to practice dentistry in Germany. A diploma from a reputable institution is generally accepted as such evidence, but how was a German court to decide which institutions were honest and which were diploma factories? One sure method presented itself of eliminating the "fake" colleges, and that was to recognize only degrees from schools under State supervision. In Germany the state puts the hallmark of genuineness on its products. The German theory is, in case of doubt, choose the State institution. The court therefore had merely to find what colleges of dentistry in America were under State administration. Strangely enough, there is only one, and that is the University of Michigan. Hence the sweeping decision.

Of course the German authorities do not consider the Michigan school to be the only reputable college of dentistry in this country. They recognize the fact that there are in this country many fine private institutions and many first-class colleges not administered by the State. The court simply assumed that all these other schools were independent and therefore irresponsible; that their character was not a constant quantity, and that they had no means of guaranteeing professional fitness. Furthermore, the German government has no time to send a commission over here to make inquiry and fix a standard.

The decision works a terrible injustice, but it cannot be denied that it is logical from the German point of view. The dental profession of the United States cannot feel otherwise than indignant that the degrees of all colleges save one have been characterized by the German Supreme Court as "simply business merchandise." But there is only one remedy, and that is to clean out the objectionable institutions. Diploma mills of all sorts have long been the reproach of this country in foreign lands. It will be a long time before American professional men abroad can recover from this stigma; but with them lies the remedy. The disgraced "degree-while-you-wait" colleges must go; they have been allowed to flourish too long.

from a reputable institution is generally accepted as such evidence, but how was a German court to decide which institutions were honest and which were diploma factories? One sure method presented itself of eliminating the "fake" colleges, and that was to recognize only degrees from schools under State supervision. In Germany the state puts the hallmark of genuineness on its products. The German theory is, in case of doubt, choose the State institution. The court therefore had merely to find what colleges of dentistry in America were under State administration. Strangely enough, there is only one, and that is the University of Michigan. Hence the sweeping decision.

Of course the German authorities do not consider the Michigan school to be the only reputable college of dentistry in this country. They recognize the fact that there are in this country many fine private institutions and many first-class colleges not administered by the State. The court simply assumed that all these other schools were independent and therefore irresponsible; that their character was not a constant quantity, and that they had no means of guaranteeing professional fitness. Furthermore, the German government has no time to send a commission over here to make inquiry and fix a standard.

The decision works a terrible injustice, but it cannot be denied that it is logical from the German point of view. The dental profession of the United States cannot feel otherwise than indignant that the degrees of all colleges save one have been characterized by the German Supreme Court as "simply business merchandise." But there is only one remedy, and that is to clean out the objectionable institutions. Diploma mills of all sorts have long been the reproach of this country in foreign lands. It will be a long time before American professional men abroad can recover from this stigma; but with them lies the remedy. The disgraced "degree-while-you-wait" colleges must go; they have been allowed to flourish too long.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

"psychological institute," where scientists, unhampered by other labors, may pursue investigation in the lines indicated as well as in the field known as psychopathological—this including such cases as the loss of the sense of personal identity, secondary personality in all its manifold forms, psychic epilepsy, alcoholism or dipsomania, certain cases of apparent melancholia and paranoia, incipient insanity, etc. Whether his appeal for the endowment of such an institution will meet a financial response or not, it seems reasonable enough. It is not everyone who is ready to concede that our definite knowledge of the mysteries of life and spirit will ever come—"Canst thou by searching find out God?"—but certainly the study, if it is to be pursued at all, should be done with dignity and by those best qualified. And why should not the psychological be put on an equality with the physical in scientific research? The soul, if there be a soul, is surely as important as the body, and its phenomena quite as interesting.

MINOR TOPICS.

Strickland W. Gilliland, formerly of Richmond, Ind., and a frequent contributor to the Journal, has, for the past year or two, been the humorous writer of the Baltimore American. In a private letter received since the Mr. Gilliland says:

"I have written some comments to occupy quarters a little more comfortable than those in which we first took refuge, and to have our printing done here instead of in Washington. It's a very pathetic sort of situation, but General Agnus is brave, as always. We had just put in the most complete Hoe press that can be made, at an expense of \$20,000, and had built addition to the building. Everybody is being strong and cheery, which helps much."

In the American of Wednesday, the first regular issue of the paper after the fire, appears this "Song of the American," by Mr. Gilliland:

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived. One and thirty and an hundred were the years that I had lived.

more. Why the birthday of the father of his country should be chosen for these yearly conflicts doth not appear; but so it is, and hostilities are usually dragged out like a war in the East. The fights are supposed to settle some question of supremacy—which they do not.

A driver of a New York brewery wagon refused to get off the car track when the motorman rang his gong. So the motorman ran into him, broke the wagon and spilled the beer. The case was taken to court, the motorman was justified and the beer driver fined as a public nuisance. He is now a sadder Budweiser man.

As is usual in the christening of battle-ships, a young girl has been chosen to give its name to the new Dakota. But would it not be much more appropriate to have the champagne flask broken over the Dakota's bows by some prominent divorcee?

There is a brand of whisky in Kansas that retails for 65 cents a quart. Had William Allen White known this, he would never have been obliged to ask what was the matter with the Sunflower State. Also, Carrie Nation will be forgiven much.

President Harper of Chicago University thinks that the professors should mix more with the students. Of course, this is asking a good deal of the students, but something has evidently got to be done to put a curb on those professors.

The Chicago professors are at liberty to tell what they know about Rockefeller; and Mr. Rockefeller has presumably the same privilege in regard to the professors. Really, there is much to be said on both sides.

Wouldn't it be a paying graft during the lenten season for somebody to start a class in Japanese here in Indianapolis? It might be made quite a fad, and the teacher wouldn't need to know much about Japanese.

Thanks are due to the scientist who made the remarkable discovery about the laughs of women. Those who say "He-he!" should be avoided; those who say "Ha-ha!" are the kind to tie to. This is a valuable tip.

Russell Sage says that when he dies and leaves his fortune more than one person will be surprised. Well, come to think of it, it is unnatural to think of Uncle Russell dying and leaving money to anybody.

The editor of the New York Press evidently has troubles of his own. He remarks bitterly that talking back to one's wife is just as sensible as keeping winding an alarm clock while it is going off.

It is said that both Russia and Japan are short of funds. It seems too bad that there cannot be game receipts or something like that to urge them on. Still, they are doing pretty well.

The fact that the Macedonians are getting ready for another uprising may be taken as one of the unfurling signs of spring.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

Isabel and Louise.
"Are you superstitious about 13?"
"Oh, I wouldn't mind 13 valentines."

Not Quite a Hermit.
Bill Clerk—Don't you go out in society at all?
Bookkeeper—Oh, I go to a pie social once in a while.

All the Necessary Branches.
Dora—Is your college up to date?
Cora—I think so; we've got a shirtwaist chair.

Real Rest.
Joe—You look in fine health.
Jerry—Yes; I've got explaining my affairs to other people.

First of the Season.
Jerry—The Japs opened war in a hurry.
Billy—Yes; it was what you might call a spring rush.

A Musical Evening.
Charles—Shall I play you some Chopin?
Cousin Rebecca—No, don't play that; play "I'll be your money in the spring-time."

Large and Stylish.
Mrs. Dash—How do you like our new crest?
Mrs. Rash—Oh, we're at a hotel abroad that had a crest something like this.

Real Republican Hustlers.
Brown—The little Japs show regular American grit.
Jones—I think so; say, we ought to annex Japan.

An Obnoxious Fanit.
Miss Eliza—Why don't y' like de new preacher, Uncle Hastus?
Uncle Hastus—Dat man? W'y, Miss Eliza, dat man is jes' consanme' dat de bighead.

Grand Old Simpson.
Johnson—Old Simpson never talks much, but he's a splendid friend.
Jenkins—How's that?
Johnson—When trouble comes he turns right up and wants to lend you money.

About People and Things.
Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to carry a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than one million dollars.

Some one asked De Wolf Hopper, the other day at the Lams' Club, whether he commonly alluded to the ladies who have shared his name and fortune in days of yore as "grass widows" or as "grass hoppers."

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astonished circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

The People's Refreshment House Association has just established its thirty-ninth house in London. A rule of these establishments is that only two drinks shall be served to one customer. But there appears to be no rule as to the time that shall elapse between each pair of drinks.

A razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Under the microscope its edge is seen to have innumerable fine teeth. When these teeth are clogged with dirt, honing and stropping will do no good. Dipping it in hot water dissolves out the debris from between the teeth.

Some things that happen on the stage are very wonderful. An English audience was recently marveling at a dog which was playing with an old masterpiece on a piano. Suddenly some one in the audience yelled "Rate!" and the dog made a break from the piano. But the music kept right along, just the same.

Biograph views of 6,000 San Francisco school children will be a unique feature of the San Francisco educational exhibit at the world's fair. The plan proposed is to line the pupils up on Van Ness avenue, which is smoothly paved, and with the camera mounted on an automobile, ride rapidly past and take moving pictures of all the children.

Curious ceremonies are witnessed in Siam when one of the sacred white elephants dies. It is given a funeral grander than that accorded to princes of royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels and offerings representing some thousands of pounds are buried with the elephant.

W. D. Howells, the great novelist, has been giving off some precepts to theater-goers. He says a man who goes to the theater "must regard himself not merely as a vessel to be filled with pleasure from the stage. He ought to realize that he is part of a great and splendid

tradition, that he inherits the place of the Athenian who saw the plays of Euripides and Mosander under the blue Attic skies; of the Elizabethan Englishman who stood in the mud at the Globe to witness the first production of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and try to live up to his responsibilities as well as privileges."

Mr. Wirt Gerrard, author of "Greater Russia," published a few months ago by The Macmillan Company, has been offered an engagement for a long term by a manufacturing firm in Germany, who make a condition that he shall not contribute to any periodical or write books. The whole of the information obtained by Mr. Gerrard while on his travels with pictures were by his employers for their own private use as traders in the markets of the world. This seems to indicate a new career for observant writers who do not crave publicity and are content to forego fame if they can gain a livelihood by their pen.

ART AND ART WORKERS.

An early painting, probably painted about the year 1830, showing the whole extent of New York City, sold at Anderson's auction rooms recently for \$75. The artist's name is unknown.

Elenora Duse has sold at auction all the objects of art in her villa Capponello, near Florence, some of which represent the work of the modern and most progressive sculptors and painters of Italy, others old works from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

An official report of the admission and exhibition at the National Academy of Design, just closed, shows that more than 2,000 people visited the exhibition. Twenty-nine pictures were sold in all, the highest price paid for any one picture being \$2,500, given for "The Marine," by William T. Richards, No. 75.

Two marble columns of beautiful design and great antiquity, belonging to a church in the town of Cave, near Rome, which had previously formed part of some ancient monument, was bought by a Florentine agent recently and taken to Rome, prior to being shipped to an American customer. The Italian government discovered the columns, and refused to sell them, and seized the columns, refusing to refund to the antiquarian the sum he had paid for them.

At an auction sale of old silver held in London recently some of the prices realized were as follows: An antique wine cup, which weighed 11 lb. 10 oz., \$115; a pair of antique candlesticks, weighing 4 lb. 10 oz.; a George III drum-shaped engraved table, weight 12 lb. 10 oz.; a Queen Anne silver gilt pattern, weight 4 lb. 10 oz.; a pair of George III silver candlesticks, weighing 1 lb. 10 oz.; a pair of George III silver candlesticks, weighing 1 lb. 10 oz.; a pair of George III silver candlesticks, weighing 1 lb. 10 oz.

The new capital of Minnesota is to have mural paintings by leading American artists. This building was designed by Cass Gilbert. John La Farge will contribute the decorations for the Supreme Court chamber, consisting of four apsidal, the subjects being "The Moral Law," "The Recording of Precedent in Law," and "Adjustment of the Conflicting Interests and Privileges Under Law." Other mural work will be executed by Edwin H. Blashaw, Edward C. Breen, the general scheme of decoration being in charge of Elmer E. Garney. Some of the sculpture for the Capitol will be supplied by Daniel C. French.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

I never will believe that our youngest days are